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688 **HEBER** (**Reginald**, *2nd Bp. of Calcutta*) HYMNS, written and adapted to the WEEKLY CHURCH SERVICE of the YEAR, **first edition,** 8vo. *original boards, uncut* (*one joint broken, and some ll. foxed*); SCARCE, £1. 1*s* 1827

Included are several hymns by Dean Milman, and one by Sir Walter Scott. Bp. Heber's own hymns are enough to show that Catholic feeling in the English Church was not quite dead on the eve of the Oxford Movement. This volume includes many Holy Days as well as Sundays, and 'An Introit, to be sung between the Litany and Communion Service'.

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HYMNS,

WRITTEN AND ADAPTED

TO THE

WEEKLY CHURCH SERVICE

OF

THE YEAR.

(first edition)

BY THE RIGHT REV. REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

LATE LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

MDCCCXXVII.

TO HIS GRACE

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

THESE HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO THE WEEKLY CHURCH SERVICE OF THE YEAR,

COMPOSED AND SELECTED

BY

THE RIGHT REVEREND REGINALD HEBER,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA,

ARE,

WITH PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY AND HUMBLY DEDICATED

BY HIS WIDOW,

AMELIA HEBER.

July 5, 1827.

PREFACE.

The Hymns in this volume were arranged by Bishop Heber with a hope that they might be deemed worthy of general adoption into our churches, and it was his intention to publish them soon after his arrival in India; but the arduous duties of his situation left little time, during the short life there allotted to him, for any employment not immediately connected with his diocese.

The work is now given to the world in compliance with his wishes, and from an anxious desire that none of his labours in the service of Christianity should be lost.

Several of the Hymns are by the Reverend H. H. Milman; one was contributed by Sir Walter Scott; and a few by Jeremy Taylor,

Addison, and other writers of former times, have been selected and reprinted; the remainder were composed by the Bishop at different intervals of leisure during his parochial ministry in Shropshire.

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ADVENT SUNDAY.—No. I.

R. H.

Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Oh, Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer!
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

ADVENT SUNDAY.—No. II.

BISHOP TAYLOR.

Lord! come away!
Why dost thou stay?
Thy road is ready, and thy paths made straight
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet.
Ride on triumphantly! Behold, we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in thy way;
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet!

Welcome, oh welcome! to our hearts! Lord, here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Sion, and as full of sin.
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?
Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane that holy place,
Which thou hast chosen there to set thy face;

And then, if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of thy Deity,
The stones from out the temple wall
Shall cry aloud, and call
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet!

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.—No. I.

R. H.

The Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind!

Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By Power oppress'd, and mock'd by Pride?
Oh God! is this the crucified?

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.—No. II.

H. H. M.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the Heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bow'd.

The glory! the glory! by myriads are pour'd
The hosts of the Angels to wait on their Lord,
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear!

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd:
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.

The judgement! the judgement! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders are met!
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
Creator! on us thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.—No. III.

R. H.

In the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountain sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh!

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

R. H.

Oh Saviour, is thy promise fled?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach thy Gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus! come! return again;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness!

A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home!

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer! rest on Thee!

Come, Jesus! come! and, as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day:

So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there!

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

R. H.

The world is grown old, and her pleasures are past;
The world is grown old, and her form may not last;
The world is grown old, and trembles for fear;
For sorrows abound, and judgement is near!

The sun in the Heaven is languid and pale;
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale;
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,
For the world is grown old, and judgement is near!

The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour;
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer,
For the world is grown old, and judgement is near!

The world is grown old!—but should we complain,
Who have tried her and know that her promise is vain?
Our heart is in Heaven, our home is not here,
And we look for our crown when judgement is near!

CHRISTMAS DAY.—No. I.

R. H.

Oh Saviour, whom this holy morn
  Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
  And more than mortal woe!

Incarnate Word! by every grief,
  By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
  And to redeem us died!

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
  In dangerous wealth we dwell;
Remind us of thy manger bed,
  And lowly cottage cell!

If prest by poverty severe,
  In envious want we pine,
Oh may thy spirit whisper near,
  How poor a lot was thine!

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free!
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee!

CHRISTMAS DAY.—No. II.

Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God to man is reconciled!

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Christ, by highest Heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord:
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with man to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here!

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing on his wings!

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth!

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

R. H.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train!

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong!
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane:
They bow'd their necks the death to feel!
Who follows in their train?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain!
Oh God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

R. H.

Oh God! who gav'st thy servant grace,
  Amid the storms of life distrest,
To look on thine incarnate face,
  And lean on thy protecting breast:

To see the light that dimly shone,
  Eclips'd for us in sorrow pale,
Pure Image of the Eternal One!
  Through shadows of thy mortal veil!

Be ours, oh King of Mercy! still
  To feel thy presence from above,
And in thy word, and in thy will,
  To hear thy voice, and know thy love;

And when the toils of life are done,
  And Nature waits thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath thy throne,
  And look, in humble hope, to Thee!

INNOCENT'S DAY.

R. H.

Oh weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
Oh Rachel, weep not so!
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow!

Firstlings of faith! the murderer's knife
Has miss'd its deadliest aim:
The God for whom they gave their life,
For them to suffer came!

Though feeble were their days and few,
Baptized in blood and pain,
He knows them, whom they never knew,
And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
Oh Rachel, weep not so!
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow!

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, OR CIRCUMCISION.

R. H.

Lord of mercy and of might!
Of mankind the life and light!
Maker, teacher infinite!
Jesus! hear and save!

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus! hear and save!

Mighty monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd,
Jesus! hear and save!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and king of kings!
Jesus! hear and save!

Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us! help us when we cry!
Jesus! hear and save!

EPIPHANY.—No. I.

ANON.

Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
And guides bewilder'd Nature right.

Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!

There behold the dayspring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

Sing, ye morning stars, again !
God descends on earth to reign !
God in mercy leaves the sky !
Shout, ye sons of God, on high !

EPIPHANY.—No. II.

R. H.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.—No. I.

R. H.

Abash'd be all the boast of Age!
Be hoary Learning dumb!
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an Infant come!

Oh Wisdom, whose unfading power
Beside th' Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood:

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear;
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lisp thy falter'd prayer.

But, in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore Thy name!
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness!

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.—No. II.

R. H.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
  How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
  Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo such the child whose early feet
  The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
  Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
  The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
  Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
  Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
  And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
  Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
  Were all alike Divine,

Dependant on thy bounteous breath,
  We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
  To keep us still thine own!

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.—No. I.

R. H.

Oh hand of bounty, largely spread,
By whom our every want is fed,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, oh Lord! to Thee;
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
Are all thy gifts, and only thine!

The stream thy word to nectar dyed,
The bread thy blessing multiplied,
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
That silent at thy mandate stood,
How well they knew thy voice Divine,
Whose works they were, and only thine!

Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
Obedient to thy word and will
We seek thy daily mercy still;
Its blessed beams around us shine,
And thine we are, and only thine!

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.—No. II.

R. H.

Incarnate Word, who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be,
At Cana's poor festivity:

Oh, when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, may we think on Thee,
And, seated at the festal board,
In Fancy's eye behold the Lord.

Then may we seem, in Fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think,—even now, thy searching gaze
Each secret of our soul surveys!

So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind!

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
No. III.

R. H.

When on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And Nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom display'd;

When all with fruit and flowers
The laughing soil was drest,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Receiv'd their human guest;

No sin his face defiling
The Heir of Nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good!

Yet, in that hour of blessing,
A single want was known;
A wish the heart distressing;
For Adam was alone!

Oh God of pure affection!
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board,

May such thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dissever
Whom Thou hast link'd in one!

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

R. H.

Lord! whose love, in power excelling,
Wash'd the leper's stain away,
Jesus! from thy heavenly dwelling,
Hear us, help us, when we pray!

From the filth of vice and folly,
From infuriate passion's rage,
Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,
Heedless youth and selfish age;

From the lusts whose deep pollutions
Adam's ancient taint disclose,
From the Tempter's dark intrusions,
Restless doubt and blind repose;

From the miser's cursed treasure,
From the drunkard's jest obscene,
From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
Jesus! Master! make us clean!

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.—No. I.

H. H. M.

Lord ! Thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters "peace,"
And the tempest died away.
Down they sank, the foamy seas;
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep,
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen !

Lord ! Thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud !
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd !
Then the earth shall find repose
From its restless strife and woes;
And an imaged Heaven appear
On our world of darkness here !

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
No. II.

FROM PSALM 89.

With reverence let the just appear
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands attentive hear,
And tremble at his word.

Thy words, oh God! the wind control
And rule the boisterous deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

Justice and judgement are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace:
And truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Go forth before thy face!

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
No. III.

FROM PSALM 93.

With glory clad, with might array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

The swelling floods in tumult rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
They lift their surges to the skies,
And foam and lash the sounding shore.

The Lord, the mighty God from high
Controls the wild and wintry seas;
He gives the word, their murmurs die,
And down they sink in silent peace!

Oh Saviour! make thy servants pure,
And calm our souls that proudly swell;
For all thy laws are fix'd and sure,
And peace becomes thy temple well!

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
No. IV.

R. H.

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker—" Help, Lord! or we perish!"

Oh Jesus! once toss'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger—" Help, Lord! or we perish!"

And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in thy strength thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—" Help, Lord! or we perish!"

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

H. H. M.

The angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord!
O'er all the earth with fatal sweep
Wide waves his flamy sword.

And who are they, in sheaves to bide
The fire of Vengeance bound?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.

And who are they, reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred-fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

O King of Mercy! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee!
In thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to thee!

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.—No. I.

Lo, He comes, in clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is come to earth again!

Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty!
They who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away,
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgement! come to judgement!
Come to judgement! come away!

Now Salvation, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Rise and meet him in the air!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.—No. II.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgement wakes from clay,
Be Thou, oh Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

R. H.

The God of Glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
" No longer stand ye idle here!

" Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of hope the morning light!
Ah fools! why stand ye idle here?

" Oh, as the griefs ye would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker's business here!

" And ye, whose locks of scanty grey
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day!
And stand ye yet so idle here?

" One hour remains, there is but one!
  But many a shriek and many a tear
Through endless years the guilt must moan
  Of moments lost and wasted here!"

Oh Thou, by all thy works adored,
  To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord!
  And grant us grace to please thee here!

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

R. H.

Oh God! by whom the seed is given;
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna shower'd from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
Do Thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky!

QUINQUAGESIMA.—No. I.

R. H.

Lord of Mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesus, hear and save!

Who, when sin's primæval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save!

Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save!

QUINQUAGESIMA.—No. II.

H. H. M.

Lord! we sit and cry to Thee,
  Like the blind beside the way:
Make our darken'd souls to see
  The glory of Thy perfect day!
Lord! rebuke our sullen night,
And give Thyself unto our sight!

Lord! we do not ask to gaze
  On our dim and earthly sun;
But the light that still shall blaze
  When every star its course hath run:
The light that gilds Thy blest abode,
The glory of the Lamb of God!

ASH WEDNESDAY,

OR

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

DRUMMOND.

Oh merciful Creator! hear
  Our prayer, to Thee devoutly bent,
Which we pour forth with many a tear
  In this Thy holy fast of Lent!

Thou mildest Searcher of the heart,
  Who know'st the weakness of our strength,
To us forgiving grace impart,
  That we may seek Thy face at length.

We all have sinn'd, we own our shame,
  But spare us who our sins confess,
And for the glory of Thy name
  To our sick souls afford redress.

Grant that the flesh may so be pined,
  By means of outward abstinence,
As that the sober watchful mind
  May fast from spots of foul offence!

Grant this, oh Blessed Trinity!
Pure Son of God! to this incline,
That of *our* fast the fruit may be
A grateful recompense for *Thine!*

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

H. H. M.

Oh help us Lord! each hour of need
  Thy Heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
  Each hour on earth we live.

Oh help us, when our spirits bleed
  With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
  Oh help us Lord, the more.

Oh help us, through the prayer of faith
  More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
  The more shall he receive.

If strangers to Thy fold we call,
  Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
  'Tis all we dare entreat.

But be it Lord of Mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

Oh help us Jesus! from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
Oh! help us so to live and die
As Thine in Heaven to be.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

R. H.

VIRGIN-born! we bow before Thee!
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!
Mary, Mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her child!

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee!
Blessed was the hand that led Thee!
Blessed was the parent's eye
That watch'd Thy slumbering infancy!

Blessed she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world's salvation!
And blessed they, for ever blest,
Who love Thee most and serve Thee best!

Virgin-born! we bow before Thee!
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!
Mary, Mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her child!

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

R. H.

Oh King of earth and air and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to Thee;
To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep;

To Thee the lions roaring call,
The common Father, kind to all!
Then grant Thy servants, Lord! we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day!

The fishes may for food complain;
The ravens spread their wings in vain;
The roaring lions lack and pine;
But, God! Thou carest still for thine!

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord! to pray
For daily bread from day to day!

And oh, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;

Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant Thy servants, Lord! we pray,
The bread of life from day to day!

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

R. H.

Oh Thou whom neither time nor space
Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son!

And Thou that from Thy bright abode,
To us in mortal weakness shown,
Didst graft the manhood into God,
Eternal, co-eternal Son!

And Thou, whose unction from on high
By comfort, light, and love is known!
Who, with the Parent Deity,
Dread Spirit! art for ever one!

Great First and Last! Thy blessing give!
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou would'st have done!

SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.—No. I.

H. H. M.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Oh Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive Death and conquer'd Sin!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain!
Then take, oh God! Thy power, and reign!

SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.—No. II.

R. H.

The Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And, at His left hand and His right,
The rocks were rent asunder!

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to Heaven His languid eye,
In Nature's hour of danger.
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
  The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
  On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long
  O'er Death and Hell defeated!

GOOD FRIDAY.—No. I.

H. H. M.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and aweful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry;
The ghost giv'n up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and aweful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

GOOD FRIDAY.—No. II.

ANON.

Cleft are the rocks, the earth doth quake,
The slumberers of the grave awake;
The temple's veil is rent in twain;
For Christ our sacrifice is slain,
And bears of sin and death the pain.

Lo, Nature's face of beaming light
She veils in darkness at the sight
Of Him, her God, the Crucified!
'Tis man alone that dares deride
The Saviour who for him hath died.

Despised is the Man of Grief,
Rejected, and denied belief,
By them whose sorrows He hath borne,
For whose transgression He is torn,
Whose mortal weakness He hath worn.

The Mighty One, the Son of God,
Hath humbly kiss'd affliction's rod,
That by His stripes we might be heal'd,
Our pardon by His blood be seal'd,
And boundless mercy stand reveal'd.

We all, like sheep, have gone astray,
And turn'd aside from wisdom's way,
But He hath saved us from our sin;
Our God the ransom-Lamb hath been,
Our God hath saved us from our sin!

Oh let us cast each vice away,
Which thus the Son of God could slay!
With contrite heart and weeping eye
Behold the Saviour's cross on high,
And every sin and folly fly!

So may we join the song of love
Which saints and angels sing above;
All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
Which wert and art and art to be,
The Lamb slain from eternity!

GOOD FRIDAY.—No. III.

R. H.

Oh more than merciful! whose bounty gave
Thy guiltless self to glut the greedy grave!
Whose heart was rent to pay Thy people's price;
The great High-priest at once and sacrifice!
Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain,
Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!

When sin with flowery garland hides her dart,
When tyrant force would daunt the sinking heart,
When fleshly lust assails, or worldly care,
Or the soul flutters in the Fowler's snare,—
Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain,
Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!

And, chiefest then, when Nature yields the strife,
And mortal darkness wraps the gate of life;
When the poor spirit, from the tomb set free,
Sinks at Thy feet and lifts its hope to Thee,—
Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain,
Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!

EASTER DAY.—No. I.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,—Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holiday!—Hallelujah!
Who so lately on the cross—Hallelujah!
Suffer'd to redeem our loss.—Hallelujah!

Hymns of praises let us sing—Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our Heavenly king,—Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave—Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save!—Hallelujah!

For the pains which He endured—Hallelujah!
Our salvation have secured.—Hallelujah!
Now He reigns above the sky—Hallelujah!
Where the Angels ever cry—Hallelujah!

EASTER DAY.—No. II.

God is gone up with a merry noise
  Of saints that sing on high,
With His own right hand and His holy arm
  He hath won the victory!

Now empty are the courts of Death,
  And crush'd thy sting Despair;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
  For Jesus hath been there!

And He hath tamed the strength of Hell,
  And dragg'd him through the sky,
And captive behind His chariot wheel,
  He hath bound captivity!

God is gone up with a merry noise
  Of saints that sing on high;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
  He hath won the victory!

EASTER DAY.—No. III.

ANON.

The Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more:
The light which scatters all your fears,
Your rising God, adore!

The saints, when He resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of Death,
Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race He ran,
Alone the winepress trod;
He groans, He dies,—behold the Man!
He lives;—behold the God!

In vain the watch, the stone, the seal,
Forbid the Lord to rise;
He breaks the gates of death and hell,
And opens paradise!

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

LOGAN.

'Behold the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Shall tower above the meaner hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:
"Ascend the hill of God,"—they say,
"And to his temple go!"

The beam that shines on Sion hill
Shall lighten every land,
The King that reigns in Sion's towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares shall they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer host encountering host
  Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the useless helm on high,
  And study war no more.

Come then, oh come from every land,
  To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
  With holy beauty shine.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.—No. I.

PSALM 23.—OLD V.

My Shepherd is the living Lord,
I therefore nothing need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy name.

Yea, though I walk the vale of Death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.

And, in the presence of my foes,
My table Thou shalt spread;
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and Thou
Anointed hast my head.

Through all my life Thy favour is
So frankly shown to me,
That in Thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME.—No. II.

ADDISON.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And lead me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O God! art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and verdure crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

COWPER.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm!

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His great designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head!

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan His works in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
  And He will make it plain!

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

DRYDEN.

Creator Spirit! By whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit each expectant mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee!

Oh, Source of uncreated Light,
The Father's promised Paraclite;
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous in grace descend from high,
Rich in Thy sev'nfold energy;
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose rule doth earth and heav'n command,
Our frailty help, our vice controul,
Subdue the senses to the soul.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should haply stray,
Protect and guide us in the way:
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe!

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be
Eternal Comforter to thee!

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

R. H.

Life nor Death shall us dissever
From His love who reigns for ever:
Will he fail us? Never! never!
When to Him we cry!

Sin may seek to snare us,
Fury Passion tear us!
Doubt and fear, and grim Despair,
Their fangs against us try;

But His might shall still defend us,
And His blessed Son befriend us,
And His Holy Spirit send us
Comfort ere we die!

ASCENSION DAY AND SUNDAY AFTER.

R. H.

"Sit Thou on my right hand, my Son!" saith the Lord.
"Sit Thou on my right hand, my Son!
Till in the fatal hour
Of my wrath, and my power,
Thy foes shall be a footstool to Thy throne!"

"Prayer shall be made to Thee, my Son!" saith the Lord.
"Prayer shall be made to Thee, my Son!
From earth and air and sea,
And all that in them be,
Which Thou for thine heritage hast won!"

"Daily be Thou praised, my Son!" saith the Lord.
"Daily be Thou praised, my Son!
And all that live and move,
Let them bless Thy bleeding love,
And the work which Thy worthiness hath done!"

WHITSUNDAY.—No. I.

ORDINATION SERVICE.

Come, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart!
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love!

Enable with perpetual light
The darkness of our bounded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes; give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come!

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endless song—
Praise be to Thine eternal merit,
O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

WHITSUNDAY.—No. II.

R. H.

Spirit of Truth! on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality!

We ask not, Lord! Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

We neither have nor seek the power
Ill Demons to control;
But Thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shalt chase them from the soul.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
  No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
  And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
  And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
  With Faith, with Hope, with Love!

TRINITY SUNDAY.

R. H.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—No. I.

R. H.

Room for the Proud! Ye sons of clay
From far his sweeping pomp survey,
Nor, rashly curious, clog the way
His chariot wheels before!

Lo! with what scorn his lofty eye
Glances o'er Age and Poverty,
And bids intruding Conscience fly
Far from his palace door!

Room for the Proud! but slow the feet
That bear his coffin down the street:
And dismal seems his winding-sheet
Who purple lately wore!

Ah! where must now his spirit fly
In naked, trembling agony?
Or how shall he for mercy cry,
Who shew'd it not before!

Room for the Proud! in ghastly state
The lords of Hell his coming wait,
And flinging wide the dreadful gate,
That shuts to ope no more,

" Lo here with us the seat," they cry,
" For him who mock'd at poverty,
And bade intruding Conscience fly
Far from his palace door!"

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—No. II.

R. H.

The feeble pulse, the gasping breath,
The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful Death?
O Grave, are these thy victory?

The mourners by our parting bed,
The wife, the children weeping nigh,
The dismal pageant of the dead,—
These, these are not thy victory!

But, from the much-loved world to part,
Our lust untamed, our spirit high,
All nature struggling at the heart,
Which, dying, feels it dare not die!

To dream through life a gaudy dream
Of pride and pomp and luxury,
Till waken'd by the nearer gleam
Of burning, boundless agony;

To meet o'er-soon our angry king,
  Whose love we past unheeded by;
Lo this, O Death, thy deadliest sting!
  O Grave, and this thy victory!

O Searcher of the secret heart,
  Who deign'd for sinful man to die!
Restore us ere the spirit part,
  Nor give to Hell the victory!

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak thy grace we pray:
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away!

Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away!

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

There was joy in Heaven!
There was joy in Heaven!
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came:
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky—
"Glory to God in Heaven!"

There was joy in Heaven!
There was joy in Heaven!
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in Heaven!

There was joy in Heaven!
There was joy in Heaven!
When of love the midnight beam
Dawn'd on the towers of Bethlehem;

And along the echoing hill
Angels sang—"On earth good will,
And glory in the Heaven!"

There is joy in Heaven!
There is joy in Heaven!
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to Virtue's way;
When the soul, by grace subdued,
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then is there joy in Heaven!

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

I PRAIS'D the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the Sea whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I prais'd the Sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I prais'd the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky!
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair!
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

Creator of the rolling flood!
On whom Thy people hope alone;
Who cam'st by water and by blood,
For man's offences to atone;

Who from the labours of the deep
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And build an endless church to Thee.

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
And on Thy sacred rock to stand:

And when, our livelong toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burthen down,
And rise, O Lord! and follow Thee!

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

H. H. M.

Lord! have mercy when we strive
To save through Thee, our souls alive!
When the pamper'd flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherish'd sin,
And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,
Oh then have mercy! Lord!

Lord! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for Death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill;
When all other hope is gone;
When our course is almost done;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come,
Oh then have mercy! Lord!

Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant Heaven!
When our darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress,
And our saddened spirits dwell
On the open gates of Hell,
Oh then have mercy! Lord!

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the drowsy glade;
The Sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The Moon and Stars, their Master's name in silent pomp display.

Shall Man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall Man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?

No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease
to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love, and Saviour, honour
Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of Summer
fade,
The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake the
shade ;
The winds be lull'd—the Sun and Moon forget their old
decree,
But we in Nature's latest hour, O Lord ! will cling to
Thee.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

FIRST PSALM, OLD VERSION.

The man is bless'd that hath not lent
To wicked men his ear,
Nor led his life as sinners do,
Nor sat in scorner's chair.

But in the love of God the Lord
Doth set his whole delight;
And in the same doth exercise
Himself, both day and night.

He shall be like a tree that is
Planted the rivers nigh,
Which in due season bringeth forth
Its fruits abundantly.

Whose fruit shall never fade nor fall,
But flourishing shall stand;
Even so all things shall prosper well
That this man takes in hand.

As for ungodly men, with them
It shall be nothing so,
But as the chaff which by the wind
Is driven to and fro.

Therefore the wicked men shall not
In judgement stand upright;
Nor in assemblies of the just
Shall sinners come in sight.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

ADDISON.

When rising from the bed of death
  Overwhelm'd by guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
  Oh! how shall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found
  And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought,

When Thou, O Lord! shalt stand display'd
  In majesty severe,
And sit in judgement on my soul,
  Oh! how shall I appear?

But Thou hast told the troubled mind,
  Who doth his sins lament,
The timely tribute of his tears
  Shall endless woe prevent:

Then view the sorrows of my heart
  Before it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groan
  To give those sorrows weight!

For never shall my soul despair
  Thy pardon to procure,
Who know Thine only Son hath died
  To make that pardon sure!

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,
Thou favour'd home of God on earth, thou Heav'n below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flock'd beneath the wing
Of Him who call'd thee lovingly, thine own anointed King,
Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free!

"And who art thou that mournest me?" replied the ruin grey,
"And fear'st not rather that thyself may prove a cast-away?

I am a dried and abject branch, my place is giv'n to thee;
But woe to ev'ry barren graft of thy wild olive-tree!

" Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime, and strange their punishment;
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be,
Who spared not His chosen seed may send His wrath on thee!

" Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime;
Oh turn and seek thy Saviour's face in this accepted time!
So Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem thy home for ever be!"

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

STERNHOLD.

Oh Lord, turn not Thy face away from them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life with tears and bitter cry!
Thy mercy-gates are open wide to them that mourn their sin;
Oh shut them not against us, Lord, but let us enter in!

We need not to confess our fault, for surely, Thou can'st tell;
What we have done, and what we are, Thou knowest very well:
Wherefore, to beg and to intreat, with tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, oh Lord! repeat the blessing which
we crave!
When Thou dost know, before we speak, the thing that
we would have?
Mercy! oh Lord,—mercy we seek:—this is the total
sum!
For mercy, Lord! is all our prayer,—oh, let Thy mercy
come!

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

POPE.

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers!
"Prepare the way! a God, a God, appears!"
"A God! a God!" the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

The Saviour comes, by prophet bards foretold:
Hear Him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day.

'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And pour new music on th' unfolded ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe!

No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face He wipes off ev'ry tear;
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound;
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound!

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

" Who yonder on the desert heath,
Complains in feeble tone?"
—" A pilgrim in the vale of Death,
Faint, bleeding, and alone!"

" How cam'st thou to this dismal strand
Of danger, grief, and shame?"
—" From blessed Sion's holy land,
By Folly led, I came!"

" What ruffian hand hath stript thee bare?
Whose fury laid thee low?"
—" Sin for my footsteps twin'd her snare,
And Death has dealt the blow!"

" Can art no medicine for thy wound,
Nor Nature strength supply?"
—" They saw me bleeding on the ground,
And pass'd in silence by!"

" But, sufferer! is no comfort near
Thy terrors to remove?"
—" There is to whom my soul was dear,
But I have scorn'd His love."

" What if His hand were nigh to save
From endless Death thy days!"
—" The soul He ransom'd from the grave
Should live but to His praise!"

" Rise then, oh rise! His health embrace,
With heavenly strength renew'd;
And, such as is thy Saviour's grace,
Such be thy gratitude!"

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BP. TAYLOR.

Full of mercy, full of love,
Look upon us from above!
Thou who taughtst the blind man's night
To entertain a double light,
Thine and the day's, (and that thine too):
The lame away his crutches threw;
The parched crust of leprosy,
Return'd unto its infancy;
The dumb amazed was to hear
His own unchain'd tongue strike his ear:
Thy powerful mercy did ev'n chase
The Devil from his usurped place,
Where Thou Thyself shouldst dwell, not he:
Oh let Thy love our pattern be!
Let Thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another;

That, copying thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls unto thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men!

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

Lo the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of Heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
" Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

" Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we, poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow!
God provideth for the morrow!

" One there lives whose Guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;

One there lives who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!"

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

No. I.

R. H.

Wake ! not, oh mother ! sounds of lamentation !
Weep not, oh widow ! weep not hopelessly !
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation,
Strong is the Word of God to succour thee !

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him :
Hide his pale features with the sable pall :
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him :
Widow'd and childless, she has lost her all !

Why pause the mourners ? Who forbids our weeping ?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delay'd ?
" Set down the bier,—he is not dead but sleeping !
" Young man, arise !"—He spake, and was obey'd !

Change then, oh sad one ! grief to exultation :
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was His arm, the Bringer of Salvation ;
Strong was the word of God to succour thee !

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
No. II.

H. H. M.

When our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bow'd the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

H. H. M.

Great God of Hosts! come down in Thy glory!
Shake earth and heaven with Thine aweful tread:
Seal Thou the book of our world's dark story;
Summon to judgment the quick and the dead!

Great God of Hosts, come down to rule o'er us!
Long have we pray'd for Thy peaceful reign:
Change this sad earth to an Eden before us;
Make it the mansion of bliss again!

Great God of Hosts, the dreadful, the glorious!
Come and set up Thy kingly throne:
Over the legions of Hell victorious,
Rule in the world of Thy saints alone!

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

H. H. M.

When God came down from Heav'n—the living God—
What signs and wonders mark'd His stately way?
Brake out the winds in music where He trode?
Shone o'er the heav'ns a brighter, softer day?

The dumb began to speak, the blind to see,
And the lame leap'd, and pain and paleness fled;
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with glee,
And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead!

When God went back to heav'n—the living God—
Rode he the heavens upon a fiery car?
Waved seraph-wings along His glorious road?
Stood still to wonder each bright wandering star?

Upon the cross He hung, and bow'd the head,
And pray'd for them that smote, and them that curst;
And, drop by drop, His slow life-blood was shed,
And His last hour of suffering was His worst!

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

No. I.

ADDISON.

The spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day
Doth his Creator's praise display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wonderous tale,
And nightly, to the listening Earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What though nor voice, nor minstrel sound
Among their radiant orbs be found,

With saints and angels they rejoice,
And utter forth their glorious voice:
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine!"

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
No. II.

R. H.

Oh blest were the accents of early creation,
When the Word of Jehovah came down from above;
In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
And wake their cold atoms to life and to love!

And mighty the tones which the firmament rended,
When on wheels of the thunder, and wings of the wind,
By light'ning, and hail, and thick darkness attended,
He utter'd on Sinai His laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the First-born of Heaven,
(Though poor His apparel, though earthly His form,)
Who said to the mourner, "Thy sins are forgiven!"
"Be whole!" to the sick,—and "Be still!" to the storm.

Oh Judge of the world! when, array'd in Thy glory,
Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,
While Nature stands trembling and naked before Thee,
And waits on Thy sentence to live or to die;

When the Heav'n shall fly fast from the sound of Thy
thunder,
And the Sun, in Thy light'nings, grow languid and
pale,
And the Sea yield her dead, and the Tomb cleave asunder,
In the hour of Thy terrors, let mercy prevail!

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

H. H. M.

Lord, have mercy, and remove us
  Early to Thy place of rest,
Where the heavens are calm above us,
  And as calm each sainted breast!

Holiest, hear us! by the anguish
  On the cross Thou didst endure,
Let no more our sad hearts languish,
  In this weary world obscure!

Gracious!—yet if our repentance
  Be not perfect and sincere,
Lord, suspend Thy fatal sentence,
  Leave us still in sadness here!

Leave us, Saviour! till our spirit
  From each earthly taint is free;
Fit Thy Kingdom to inherit,
  Fit to take its rest with Thee!

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

The sound of war! In earth and air
The volleying thunders roll:
Their fiery darts the Fiends prepare,
And dig the pit, and spread the snare,
Against the Christian's soul.
The Tyrant's sword, the rack, the flame,
The scorner's serpent tone,
Of bitter doubt the barbed aim,
All, all conspire his heart to tame:
Force, fraud, and hellish fires assail
The rivets of his heavenly mail,
Amidst his foes alone.

Gods of the world! ye warrior host
Of darkness and of air,
In vain is all your impious boast,
In vain each missile lightening tost,
In vain the Tempter's snare!

Though fast and far your arrows fly,
  Though mortal nerve and bone
Shrink in convulsive agony,
The Christian can your rage defy:
Towers o'er his head Salvation's crest,
Faith like a buckler, guards his breast,
  Undaunted, though alone.

'Tis past! 'tis o'er! in foul defeat
  The Demon host are fled!
Before the Saviour's mercy-seat,
(His live-long work of faith complete),
  Their conqueror bends his head.
"The spoils Thyself hast gained, Lord!
  I lay before Thy throne:
Thou wert my rock, my shield, my sword;
My trust was in Thy name and word:
'Twas in Thy strength my heart was strong;
Thy spirit went with mine along;
  How was I then alone?"

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

Oh God! my sins are manifold, against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone, up to Thy temple fly;
Wilt Thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven?
"Forgive!" a blessed voice replied, "and thou shalt be forgiven!"

My foemen, Lord! are fierce and fell, they spurn me in their pride,
They render evil for my good, my patience they deride;
Arise, oh King! and be the proud to righteous ruin driven!
"Forgive!" an awful answer came, "as thou would'st be forgiven!"

Seven times, oh Lord! I pardon'd them, seven times
they sinn'd again:
They practise still to work me woe, they triumph in my
pain;
But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resent-
ment driven!
"Forgive!" the voice of thunder spake, "or never be
forgiven!"

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

From foes that would the land devour;
From guilty pride, and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery:
From blinded zeal by faction led;
From giddy change by fancy bred;
From poisonous error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free!

Defend, oh God! with guardian hand,
The laws and ruler of our land,
And grant our church Thy grace to stand
In faith and unity!
The spirit's help of Thee we crave,
That Thou, whose blood was shed to save,
May'st at Thy second coming, have
A flock to welcome Thee!

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

R. H.

To conquer and to save, the Son of God
Came to His own in great humility,
Who wont to ride on cherub wings abroad,
And round Him wrap the mantle of the sky.
The mountains bent their necks to form His road;
The clouds dropt down their fatness from on high;
Beneath His feet the wild waves softly flow'd,
And the winds kiss'd His garment tremblingly!

The grave unbolted half his grisly door,
(For darkness and the deep had heard His fame,
Nor longer might their ancient rule endure);
The mightiest of mankind stood hush'd and tame:
And, trooping on strong wing, His angels came
To work His will, and kingdom to secure:
No strength He needed save His Father's name;
Babes were His heralds, and His friends the poor!

[*Twenty-fifth after Trinity, see fourth Sunday in Lent.*]

[*For the Annunciation and Purification, see third Sunday in Lent.*]

FOR ST. JAMES'S DAY.

R. H.

Though sorrows rise, and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul,
Though friends are false and love decays,
And few and evil are my days,
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes,
Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill,
I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!

Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain,
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life,
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!

Oh, by the pangs Thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn;
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in Thy guiltless tomb:
By these my pangs, whose healing smart,
Thy grace hath planted in my heart;
I know, I feel, Thy bounteous will!
Thou lovest me, Lord! Thou lovest me still!

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY.

DRUMMOND.

The last and greatest herald of Heaven's King,
Clad in rough skins, fled to the forest wild,
Amid that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild.
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey which from virgin hives distill'd.

Then burst he forth—"All ye whose hearts rely
On God, with me amid these deserts mourn!
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!"
The nations trembled at his warning cry;
And the rude echoes, which he made relent,
Rang from their flinty caves—"Repent! repent!"

[*For St. Peter's day, see the fifth Sunday after Trinity.*]

[*For all other Saints' days, see St. Stephen's day.*]

[*For November* 5, *January* 30, *King's Accession, &c. see twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.*]

MICHAELMAS DAY.—No. I.

DRUMMOND.

To Thee oh Christ! thy Father's light,
  Life, virtue which our heart inspires;
In presence of thine angels bright
  We sing with voice and with desires;
Ourselves we mutually invite
  To melody with answering quires!

With reverence we Thy soldiers praise,
  Who near the Heavenly throne abide;
But chiefly Him whom God doth raise
  The strong celestial host to guide;
Michael, who by his power dismays
  And beateth down th' apostate's pride!

MICHAELMAS DAY.—No. II.

R. H.

Oh captain of God's host, whose dreadful might
Led forth to war the armed seraphim,
And from the starry height,
Subdued in burning fight,
Cast down that ancient Dragon, dark and grim!

Thine angels, Christ! we laud in solemn lays,
Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,
Who, 'mid Thy glory's blaze,
The ceaseless anthem raise,
And gird Thy throne in faithful ministry!

We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
The mercies of their King
To mortal saints to bring,
Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

But Thee, the First and Last, we glorify,
Who, when Thy world was sunk in death and sin,
Not with Thine hierarchy,
The armies of the sky,
But didst with Thine own arm the battle win.

Alone didst pass the dark and dismal shore,
Alone didst tread the wine-press, and alone,
All glorious in Thy gore,
Didst light and life restore,
To us who lay in darkness and undone!

Therefore, with angels and archangels, we
To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
And tune our songs to Thee
Who art, and art to be,
And, endless as Thy mercies, sound Thy praise!

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

ANON.

Before Jehovah's aweful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy!

His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

We 'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the Heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise!

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as Thyself Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years have ceased to move!

FOR THE SAME.

ADDISON.

When all Thy mercies, oh my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my beating heart?
But Thou canst read it there!

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless haste I ran;
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand goodly gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
My strains of love renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I 'll raise;
For oh! eternity 's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

IN TIMES OF DISTRESS AND DANGER.

R. H.

Oh God that madest earth and sky, the darkness and
the day,
Give ear to this Thy family, and help us when we pray!
For wide the waves of bitterness around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the rocky
shore!

The cross our Master bore for us, for Him we fain would
bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and courage to
despair!
Then mercy on our failings, Lord! our sinking faith
renew!
And when Thy sorrows visit us, oh send Thy patience
too!

BEFORE A COLLECTION MADE FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

R. H.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The Heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With Wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name!

Waft waft ye winds his story,
And you ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd Nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

[*On the Dedication of a Church, see first Sunday after Easter.*]

AN INTROIT, TO BE SUNG BETWEEN THE LITANY AND COMMUNION SERVICE.

R. H.

Oh most merciful!
Oh most bountiful!
God the Father Almighty!
By the Redeemer's
Sweet intercession
Hear us, help us when we cry!

HYMN AFTER SERMON.

ANON.

Lord, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came,
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will, and spread thy praise!

Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Then shall we better sing thy love!

BEFORE THE SACRAMENT.

R. H.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed!

[*See also the Hymn for second Sunday after Trinity.*]

MORNING HYMN.

BP. KENN.

Awake my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run!
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Awake! lift up thyself my heart!
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High thanks to their Almighty King!

Glory to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew!
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill!

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

EVENING HYMN.

BP. KENN.

Glory to Thee my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, oh keep me, King of Kings!
Under Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I ere I sleep, at peace may be!

Oh let my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To work Thy will when I awake!

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgement day!

Praise God, &c.

ANOTHER.

R. H.

God that madest Earth and Heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May Thine Angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

AT A FUNERAL.

R. H.

Beneath our feet and o'er our head
  Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
  Above us is the Heaven!

Their names are graven on the stone,
  Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
  Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
  He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
  Its peril every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
  Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And Fate descend in sudden night
  On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
  Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
  And dreams of days to come?

Turn mortal, turn! thy danger know;
  Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
  And warns thee of her dead!

Turn Christian, turn! thy soul apply
  To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
  Shall live for Hell or Heaven!

ANOTHER.

R. H.

Thou art gone to the Grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the SINLESS has died!

Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the Seraphim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore
thee,
Whose God was Thy ransom, Thy guardian and
guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

R. H.

Oh Saviour of the faithful dead,
With whom Thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell,—

No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more,
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way
Which Thou hast trod before!

'Twas hard from those I loved to go,
Who knelt around my bed,
Whose tears bedew'd my burning brow,
Whose arms upheld my head!

As, fading from my dizzy view,
I sought their forms in vain,
The bitterness of death I knew,
And groan'd to live again.

'Twas dreadful when th' Accuser's power
Assail'd my sinking heart,
Recounting every wasted hour,
And each unworthy part:

But, Jesus! in that mortal fray,
Thy blessed comfort stole,
Like sunshine in a stormy day,
Across my darken'd soul!

When soon or late, this feeble breath
No more to thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way!

When cloth'd in fleshly weeds again
I wait Thy dread decree,
Judge of the world! bethink Thee then
That Thou hast died for me.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

ERRATA.

Page 41, *erase the initials* R. H.
Page 67, *erase the initials* R. H.

His attention was turned to hymn writing by the unsatisfactory state of psalmody in the Church of England. Clergy and people had wearied of metrical psalm versions, and although hymns had never been authorized, insisted on using them in church. Heber was ambitious to write hymns that should win the sanction of the authorities and make part of an authorized hymnal. But the authorities counseled delay, and his hymn book was first published by his widow in 1827, as "Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year." It contained fifty-seven of Heber's hymns. A considerable number of these had been printed by him in *The Christian Observer* between the years 1811 and 1816. Most of the others first saw the light when his hymn book came to be printed.

It may be recalled that in our study of the hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" reference was made to Bishop Heber's favorite project of a literary hymn book for the Church of England, a hymn book to contain only good poetry as well as good devotion. And now our study of this hymn, written by the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, brings us back to that project of his friend.

Heber had made a beginning on his book, at least as early as 1811, by writing some original hymns for it. But he never intended to follow the example of Dr. Watts and make the entire book consist of his own hymns. And we find him, in 1820, casting his eyes about the literary horizon to see what poets could be enlisted in his scheme.

There was no dearth of poets in those days. And it is likely that Heber knew most of them, for he had begun to write for the new *Quarterly Review* of Mr. Murray, the great London publisher, whose hospitable drawing-room was the common meeting ground of the poets of the time. Keats, Shelley, and Byron were all alive in 1820, but no one then or now would be likely to think of them in connection with a hymn book. Crabbe was an old man, whose poetry lay behind him. Coleridge

was capable of writing great hymns, but it was in vain to ask him to do any given thing at a given time. Keble at that time was actually writing *The Christian Year*, but the fact was known to very few. Montgomery, distinctively a hymn writer, would probably be passed over as out of sympathy with the Church of England. Wordsworth, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Southey, and Milman were the six who remained, conspicuous and possibly available.

To at least three of these we know that Heber appealed to furnish hymns for his book. Scott and Southey both promised their aid. But both failed him, although some unnamed poet did send in contributions that were rejected as beneath the level of the book. To Milman, whom he greatly admired, Heber sent in 1820 an earnest request for hymns: "I know with what facility you write poetry, and all the world knows with what success you write religious poetry."

And Milman did not fail him. In May of the year following Heber alludes to three hymns already received from him, one of them the now familiar "Ride on, Ride on in Majesty" (*The Hymnal*, No. 214); saying, "I rejoice to hear so good an account of the progress which your Saint [The Martyr of Antioch] is making towards her crown, and feel really grateful for the kindness which enables you, while so occupied, to recollect my hymn book. I have in the last month received some assistance from ——, which would once have pleased me well; but alas! your advent, Good Friday, and Palm Sunday hymns have spoilt me for all other attempts of the sort. There are several Sundays yet vacant, and a good many of the Saints' days. But I need not tell you that any of the other days will either carry double, or, if you prefer it, the compositions which now occupy them will 'contract their arms for you, and recede from as much of heaven' as you may require."

The hymn "O Help Us, Lord; Each Hour of Need" does not appear to have been in that first group, but very likely it was one of a second group acknowledged by Heber at the close of the same year. He writes to Milman: "You have indeed sent me a most powerful reinforcement to my projected hymn book. A few more such hymns and I shall neither need nor wait for the aid of Scott and Southey. Most sincerely, I have not seen any lines of the kind which more completely correspond to my ideas of what such compositions ought to be, or to the plan, the outline of which it has been my wish to fill up." At all events, we read of no more hymns from Milman in Heber's letters.

Milman contributed twelve hymns in all to the first edition of the book, which Bishop Heber was not to live to publish: and in that book, as put forth by the Bishop's widow in 1827, they first appeared in print. The book was immediately reprinted in New York, just too late for its hymns to be used in the new Episcopalian hymn book published that year. But perhaps it did not matter, and certainly not so far as this particular hymn was concerned, since American Episcopalians were content to wait until 1892 before including it among their authorized hymns.